

The Adair County News.

VOLUME XVII

COLUMBIA, ADAIR COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 31, 1913.

NUMBER 9

To-morrow you can write it 1914.

If you have resolved to quit your evil ways, keep your vow.

Do not fail to attend the railroad meeting Wednesday night.

Be at the court-house Wednesday evening. B'g R. R meeting.

Born, to the wife of S. N. Hancock, Elida, New Mexico, December 16th, a son.

Mr. S. C. Hood lost a combined horse Monday morning. Valued at \$145.

Another turkey will be given away at the parlor circle next Thursday night.

Call at my exchange, Columbia, for meal, flour and ship-stuff.

7-1 mo. G. B. Smith.

Help get every substantial man in or near Columbia, to become an active member of the Commercial Club.

I am now in my exchange, Columbia, with plenty of good meal and flour to exchange for wheat and corn.

7-1 mo. G. B. Smith.

Mr. N. B. Miller, Buffalo, N. Y., will please accept the thanks of this office for a box of very delicious cigars.

Four good, young Jacks for sale, 2 to 5 years old.

Smith & Hunn,
Columbia, Ky.

There are three stray hogs at my place. One sow will weigh about 125 lbs and two male shoats about 60 lbs each.

Walter Black.

Be in the court-house to-night—Wednesday, and help out in the movement now on to secure the building of a railroad.

I will pay the highest market price for corn and wheat delivered at my exchange, Columbia, Ky.

7-1 mo. G. B. Smith.

Our commercial interests needs boosting and developing and if all our good citizens will unite, a great change will take place.

Parties having wheat deposited at Roller mill, can get their flour at either Roller mill or G. B. Smith's exchange, or a part at either place.

6-4t G. B. Smith.

Mr. C. M. Herriford has rented and removed to the J. B. Barbee residence, on Greensburg street, Mr. Barbee and family having removed to Louisville.

Miss Trannie Sandidge, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. C. Sandidge, Greensburg, and a young man named Tucker, eloped to Jeffersonville last week and were married.

Christmas in this part of the State was observed in a sensible manner—no drunken brawls and no accidents except the accidental shooting of Mr. Jo E. Flowers while hunting.

Lucien Moore sold the Curd farm the 20th to its former owner for \$2,100. He paid Mr. Rice \$2,000 for the property a few days before the last deal. Mr. Rice and family concluded they did not want to move.

The young ladies of the Christian Church will give an entertainment at the court-house the latter part of February. The 22nd comes on Sunday and the entertainment will be just before or immediately after that date.

You may have good ideas and excellent plans to secure a railroad or build roads or to stir up our community in other enterprises, but the strongest position lies in union of action and purpose. Be in the court-house tonight.

Rev. John L. Stuart, who, many years ago, taught in the M. & F. High School, this place, recently died in China. He had been a missionary to that country for many years. He was a first cousin to E. W. Walton and Miss Tavia Reed.

Pupils for the Lindsey-Wilson were arriving all day Monday, and by the last of next week the hill will swarm with boys and girls. Rooms will be furnished to all who will come. The management is satisfied that this will be the greatest year in the history of the institution.

W. J. Hughes & sons Co., wholesale dealers in doors, sash, blinds, lumber, etc., Louisville, sent the editor of this paper a box of choice candies which was highly appreciated, not only by the editor and his better half, but by their ten children. Readers can draw their own conclusion as to the size of the box.

For Sale.

One-inch, all poplar lumber, \$1.00 cash on our yard.

J. H. and E. Young

For Sale.

My house and lot on Greensburg street in Columbia. Also second hand piano. For particulars call or write H. A. Hurt, Columbia, Ky.

L. C. Hurt
9-4t

Farm for Sale.

I will, on Monday the first day of circuit court, sell to the highest and best bidder at the court-house door, the farm known as the W. C. Loy farm, lying near Fairplay. It contains 200 acres, 75 in timber. Terms of sale 6 months credit.

Marcus A. Loy
9-3t

New Year Greetings.

To our many friends and customers, we wish to announce, that we are better prepared to serve you in the Livery Business than ever before, having only recently put in some new stock. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage we remain.

Respect.
Goff Bros.

Now is Your Chance.

During the months of December, January and February we will furnish the daily Courier-Journal and the Adair County News one year each, for \$4.00. This offer is made to people who do not get their mail at the Columbia Post Office. Mr. J. W. Flowers, who is the local agent, will take subscriptions for the Courier-Journal at \$3.00 per year for the home people during these months.

Beginning Jan 1st 1914, every article in our store will be marked in plain figures at exactly the price for which it is to be sold. There will be no deviation from these terms, except that cash purchases of \$1 or over will be discounted at the rate of 5 per cent. We mean by cash purchases, articles that are paid for in cash at time of purchase.

Very truly,
Russell & Co.

Valuable Property for Sale at Cane Valley.

A dwelling house and necessary out-buildings. Also a double 2 story frame store house, new and up-to-date, Known as S. G. Banks Corner. Also blacksmith shop in rear with opening to front. For further particulars call on, write or phone,

John Eubank,
Cane Valley, Ky.

Notice.

The Adair County Medical Society will meet at Dr. Cartwright's office in Columbia, on Thursday, January the 1st, 1914. A full meeting is desired. Being the first meeting of the new year, let every member try to come.

The program will be composed of several left over papers from previous meetings. Dr. McChord, the counsellor from Lebanon has promised to come.

U. L. Taylor
Dec. 27, 1913.

Died at Glenville.

On Friday the 26th inst., Mrs. Nona Thomas, who was the wife of Finis Thomas, died at her late home, Glenville, this county. She was a daughter of Mr. J. A. Chapman and was 26 years 6 months and 22 days old. She was a victim of consumption.

The funeral services were conducted Saturday by Rev. G. B. Abrell in the presence of many friends. Interment near her late home. Much sympathy is felt for the husband, father and other relatives.

Accidentally Hurt.

The many friends of Mrs. G. A. Forrest, of Barren county, will regret to hear that she slipped on the ice and was violently thrown down several steps, painfully injuring her left arm and limb, back and hip. Mrs. Forrest is confined to the bed, but no bones are broken. She has just ably assisted Rev. B. H. Henderson in a protracted meeting at Kelleyville church, where her friends are numbered by those who knew her. We wish her speedy recovery.

Albany New Era please copy.

Sudden Death.

Mr. Guy Feese, twenty-eight years old, died very suddenly this Tuesday morning. He was a victim of pulmonary trouble, but was going about until a day before his death. He was a brother of E. L. and Sam Feese, and left many relatives throughout the county. His wife died with the same disease about six or eight weeks ago. The deceased was a member of the Christian Church. Arrangement for the funeral have not yet been made.

Notice.

All persons holding claims against the county, payable out of the 1913 levy, are hereby notified to present same for payment at the Bank of Columbia, Columbia, Ky., on the first day of January, 1914. All claims against the county payable out of the 1913 levy will cease to draw interest after January 1st, 1914, and will be paid at the aforesaid Bank on that day or any day thereafter, on which they may be presented.

J. R. GARRETT,
Treasurer of Adair County, Ky.

Oh, So Cold.

Well, that's the reason you ought to buy a pair of our big Woolen Blankets—worth \$7.00, size, 76x88, weight 7 pounds. Now, just send only \$4.75 and we will at once mail you a pair. Use them nine weeks, and if not satisfactory, wrap them nicely and return, and we will at once return the full amount including all mailing charges and you are not out a cent. Send us your order for coverlets, flannels, yarn, hosiery, etc., at lowest factory prices.

Address Farmers Woolen Mills,
Jamestown, Ky.
E. L. Reese, Manager.

Married.

Mr. James Robert Feese, who lives near Coburg, and Miss Lizzie Davis, who lived near Liberty, were married last Wednesday, at the home of Eld. J. Q. Montgomery, in Liberty. Soon after the ceremony the couple left for the home of the groom where they were given a cordial greeting.

There was an elegant reception given in the couple at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Feese. At the first table there were five gentlemen seated, the given name of each one being Robert.

The couple will in a short time locate in Indianapolis.

For Sale, Privately.

A 300 acre farm at Phil, Casey county, Kentucky, 22 miles from the Q. & C. Railroad, on a good pike road 150 acres is good bottom land and in a high state of cultivation. 150 in woodland, and most of it is good ridge land and will grow tobacco or any other crop. There are 2 new modern residences, 3 barns, 3 tenant houses, shop, a new 2 story building just completed, and one of the best stands for General Store in Southern Kentucky. Spoke factory, Planing mill, and Woolen mill nearby.

Terms to suit purchaser.

John Eubank,
Phil, Ky.

New Rates of Weight and Postage for Fourth Class Mail.

On and after January 1, 1914, the limit of weight for 1st and 2nd zones is 50 pounds, and for 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th is 20 pounds.

Rate for 1st and 2nd Zone, 5 cents for 1st pound and 1 cent for each additional pound.

3rd Zone, 6 cents for 1st pound, and 2 cents for each additional pound.

4th Zone, 7 cents for 1st pound and 4 cents for each additional pound.

5th Zone 8 cents for 1st pound, and 6 cents for each additional pound.

6th Zone 9 cents for 1st pound and 8 cents for each additional pound.

Rate on 4 oz. or less is 1 cent per oz.

Remembered by Santa Claus.

Last Wednesday morning the public square was full of children who had gathered to see Santa Claus. The old gentleman made his appearance about 10 o'clock, in a cart, loaded with candies. After making a short talk he distributed his gifts, every child receiving a package. Many of the little ones were satisfied that they had seen the real Santa.

All the Sunday schools in town remembered the pupils, hence we believe every body in Columbia, old and young received a gift.

There were two Christmas trees, one at the court-house, and one on Bonner Heights, both trees being loaded with presents, some quite valuable. The best of order prevailed at both places.

TO GRETN GREEN.

Mr. D. Ward Denton and Miss Regina Russell Eloped to Jeffersonville, Where they Were Married

AT PRESENT WILL LIVE AT BREEDING.

Mr. D. Ward Denton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Denton, of Somerset, who has made his home in Columbia for several years, a manufacturer of staves and a dealer in timber, and Miss Regina Russell, daughter of Dr. C. M. Russell, eloped, on last Wednesday morning, for Jeffersonville, Ind., where they were married some time during the day, returning to Columbia Thursday afternoon, taking rooms at the Hancock Hotel.

The couple have been going together for several months and to their most intimate friends their union was not a surprise, but the journey to Jeffersonville was, as there were no objections, as we understand upon the part of Dr. Russell nor upon the part of Mr. and Mrs. Denton, who were perfectly familiar with the courtship, the bride having visited the home of the groom's parents, Somerset.

Since he became a resident of Columbia, Mr. Denton has so conducted himself as to meet the approbation of the entire community, and is quite popular with all the young people. He is very industrious, possessing excellent habits and with good health there is nothing in the way to prevent him from making a happy home.

The bride is a young woman who has many friends, full of life, and at social gatherings makes every body feel perfectly contented. She is old enough, nearly twenty, to know the responsibilities of the step she has taken, and there is no doubt but she will make a most loving and devoted companion.

She and her husband have the best wishes of the entire News force. Mrs. Denton has a happy way of driving away blues and this office will miss her jovial disposition and happy smiles, which at all times will doubtless be enjoyed by the young man she has promised to love and cherish through life.

For the present the young couple will reside at Breeding, this county, where Mr. Denton is engaged in having staves bucked and dressed.

Masonic Elections.

Columbia Lodge, No. 96, F. and A. M., elected, on the 27th inst., the following officers for the ensuing year:

Horace Jeffries, Master.
Jo Sandusky, S. Warden.
John Sandusky, J. Warden.

G. E. Wilson, Secretary.

Dr. J. N. Murrell, Treasurer.

J. R. Garnett, Senior D.

Sam Lewis, Junior D.

J. A. Willis, Tiler.

GRADYVILLE LODGE.

W. M. Wilmore, Master.
G. T. Flowers, S. Warden.
U. S. Whitlock, J. Warden.

N. H. Moss, Secretary.

A. R. Yates, Treasurer.

Eugene Nell, Senior D.

A. J. Barnes, Junior D.

J. R. Yates, Tiler.

HOOD LODGE.

Irvine Blair, Master.
J. B. Russell, S. Warden.
Dan Bryant, J. Warden.

S. C. Hood, Secretary.

Allen McGaha, Treasurer.

I. M. Grimsley, S. D.

Will Burton, J. D.

Collie Murrell, Tiler.

BREEDING LODGE.

X. W. Stott, Master.
H. F. Gaston, S. W.

C. C. Rowe, Sr. J. W.

G. W. Curry, Treasurer.

F. A. Strange, Sec.

A SHREWD MOVE

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

"I wish Mary Blake to like you," said my fiancee to me soon after we became engaged. "If she approves I don't care what any one else thinks of you."

The remark occasioned the first thrill that ran through me after receiving the announcement that Ellen loved me and would be mine.

Ellen Thornton and I had met in the summer at a mountain resort, and our engagement occurred in the winter. We lived in cities, and all I knew about her and her antecedents was that she came of an excellent family and was generally liked. I had never heard of her bosom friend, Mary Blake. But when we are congratulated upon the taking of a partner all our friends speak well of the person selected. I can remember congratulating a friend on his engagement with a girl I detected.

I was not so infatuated with Ellen but that I would be glad to hear the truth about her, whatever that truth might be; but realizing that no one would tell me the truth, I was quite willing to keep my eyes open that I might learn it by observation. The moment I met Miss Blake I saw by her manner that the approval hoped for by me betrothed was wanting. As love is a spark easily kindled, so is antagonism, though in this case the antagonism came from Miss Blake to me. I was indifferent to her.

"How do you like her?" asked Ellen of me when we were again alone together.

"Very much," I replied with the usual untruthfulness in such cases.

"How does she like me?"

"She thinks you are splendid."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, and she predicts that we will be very happy together."

"Indeed!"

"Only possibly for one thing."

"What's that?"

"Well, she says you have a very firm look about you, and she predicts that you'll lead."

This was the tiny hole in the apple through which the worm had crawled. I made no reply. Indeed, no reply was needed. Miss Blake had thrown up her first line of defenses. She had prepared Ellen against transferring the influence exerted by her bosom friend to her lover. I resolved to lock horns with my enemy, but in such a way that Ellen would not realize that I was doing so. But I proposed to put Ellen in such a position that she must decide between me and her bosom friend.

I found an opportunity at the whist-table. If one desires to pick a quarrel with a woman an excellent way is to secure her for a partner, then point out her misplays. One evening when Ellen, her bosom friend, my chum, Jim Baxter, and I were together I proposed whist and insisted on having Miss Blake for my partner. By simply pointing out to her in the most delicate manner possible her bad play I finally sent her out of the room in a huff.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Ellen, aghast.

"Nothing of importance. She should be very much obliged to me for teaching her the game."

"You must undo what you have done at once."

"There is nothing to undo. She will soon get over her tiff. I shall pay no attention to it, treating her just the same as ever hereafter."

Ellen was much troubled. A few nights after this a dozen of us young persons were to have a little dance at Mary Blake's home. Before going there Ellen informed me that it would be better if I did not invite Mary to dance, since she had said that if I did she would refuse.

"Indeed," was my reply. "I'm very sorry to hear that."

On the evening in question when the piano began to discourse music for the twospot I stepped up to Mary Blake and asked her to dance. She bowed, said nothing and turned away. This was the end of my part of the little comedy. I knew that her refusal to dance with one who had invited her in her own home was an unpardonable breach of good manners. However, I remained for the evening, dancing with all the other girls in turn.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Ellen as we walked home together. "Didn't I warn you not to ask Mary to dance?"

"You wouldn't surely have had me take her out, inviting the others, and that, too, in her own home."

"She was perfectly right to refuse your invitation till you had apologized for your rude treatment of her at the card table."

"Refer that point to some elderly person with a fair knowledge of good manners. If the decision is in your favor I will at once apologize to your friend, though I admit I don't know what for."

"To whom shall I refer it?"

"Your mother, and if she decides in my favor you are to ask Mary to do anything your mother may suggest. If she declines you are to decide between your friend and me."

The decision of the referee was that Mary Blake should apologize to me for refusing to dance with me in her own house. Mary declined to do any such thing, and though it cost Ellen a struggle, she broke with her bosom friend. Since our marriage I have succeeded in convincing my wife of the dangerous position in which she stood.

A Display of Confidence

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

There are many unwritten stories about Mexico. Doubtless if an account of the happenings of that country of turmoil could be laid out before the novelist it would afford themes for countless novels of adventure.

At the time President Wilson issued his manifesto of advice for Americans to leave Mexico there were not only a number of foreign residents there, but persons engaged in building railroads, locating mines—in short, developing the country. From comparative peace everything was turned to a show of war. Soldiers rode in the railroad trains to protect them in case of attack, and a detachment of rural guards was located at every station. The Mexicans went armed; therefore foreigners felt constrained to do the same thing, for not to be armed was to be conspicuous.

Edward Griggs, civil engineer, was at this time engaged in locating a railroad. A man who is interested in a purpose is like a gyroscope. Revolving in a certain plane, it is hard to turn him to another plane. Griggs, when President Wilson's advice was promulgated, had nearly finished his work in Mexico and could not bear himself away from it. He strapped a revolver about him, as did the force under his command, and went on with his work. But neither he nor they had any thought of using their weapons. They simply wore them because every one else did.

That Griggs might finish his work he was obliged to go over a certain section of the road that would pass through a mountain range. He was told that the region was infested with bandits who would not hesitate to take everything that belonged to him and if they deemed it necessary would murder him. But he must either abandon his work or go, so he went.

Taking with him a single assistant named Rodman, he started on horseback up the mountain, expecting at every moment to hear an order to stand and deliver his valuables. But the two rode on through the thick tropical foliage that lined the road without hearing anything more terrible than the occasional growl of a wild animal and were lulled to security by the frequent piping of birds. But when nearing the summit the blow fell. Ahead of them they could see a ranch house, and from it emerged four men who had evidently seen them approaching and, mounting horses, made straight for them. They were dressed in the tawdry Mexican costume, and before they reached the two wayfarers the jingle of their spurs and the gewgaw adornments of their wear were distinctly visible.

It was evident to Griggs and Rodman from their faces as well as their actions that they belonged to that lawless element of Mexico which in peaceful times may by care be kept within the law and in troublous times are ready for plunder. They seemed to be especially interested in the traveler's horses. Griggs, who understood a little of the patois Spanish they spoke, heard them disputing as to which two should have their horses. One of them, called Jose by the others, seemed to be a leader. He stood aloof from the quarrel about the possession of the animals, sitting on his horse moodily watching the contest. Griggs, taking off his sombrero to this chieftain, politely begged that he might be accorded a few minutes' private conversation with him. Jose, not to be outdone in politeness, took off his own sombrero and, with a bow, replied:

"Si, señor." ("Yes, sir.")

The two men rode away for a short distance when Griggs drew rein and said:

"Senor, I have been told that there are some persons in these mountains who make a living by plundering travelers. Will you oblige me by taking care of the valuables for myself and my friend that they may not fall into the hands of these miscreants?"

While speaking he was taking his money from his pockets and his watch from his fob. The bandit took them, bowing low as he was handed each article. When the delivery had been made the two men rode back to the party, and Griggs said in English to Rodman:

"These gentlemen will keep our valuables for the present. Hand over the contents of your pockets."

Having thus robbed himself and his friend, he turned again to the chief.

"I would further ask your protection overnight. Will you allow us to remain in your ranch till tomorrow?"

"Si, señor," replied the chief, doffing his sombrero.

"You have greatly honored me," said Jose when he had made his guests comfortable and set before them a jug of pulque. "May I ask how it is that you have intrusted your valuables to a stranger?"

"It is not only the honesty apparent in your countenance," replied the engineer, "but I am sure that you have descended from some grandeza who was one of the conquerors of Mexico."

"How did you know that, señor?"

"By your noble bearing."

Here was a new sensation for one who had never before been trusted and who, like most other Mexicans, prided himself on having descended from one of the conquerors. He kept the travelers overnight, returned their valuables and the next morning sent them on their journey under an escort.

THE ONLY ONE LEFT

By M. QUAD

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I was only fourteen years old when I made the voyage from London to Rio on board the Duchess, having a crew of fourteen, all told. At Rio we loaded green coffee for Australia. We got away with a fair wind and everybody in perfect health, and our run to the east, until we had sighted Inaccessible Island and left it a hundred miles astern, was something to boast of. Then came a dead flat calm, which lasted for eleven days. On the fifth day of the calm the two men were suddenly stricken with a strange ailment. They were reported sick at 8 o'clock in the morning; by 2 p.m. both were dead; at 6 o'clock a third man was taken down and lived only two hours.

Green coffee will sometimes breed fever on a long, hot voyage, but the symptoms of these men were so strange that some other explanation had to be looked for. No one was attacked on the sixth day, but on the seventh the captain, second mate and a common sailor all came down at once. The first complaint was dryness of the tongue. That was followed in half an hour by loss of sight and other senses and before noon all were dead. On the night of the seventh day a sailor who had lain down on the deck in perfect health and soundly slumbered for three hours awoke with a parched tongue. He did not wait to die as others had done, but groped his way to the ship's side and dropped from the rail into the sea. He was the sixth who had died, and the living were paucis stricken.

We had now lost nearly half our crew, and the ship lay heaving on the glassy sea without sign that the calm was ever to be broken. On the morning of the eighth day there was a better feeling, however. At noon everyone ate a hearty dinner. An hour later four men were taken down at almost the same moment, and the symptoms were more violent than in any of the preceding cases. There was no burial of the bodies; they were simply thrown overboard as soon as life had departed. When this had been accomplished, the mate called the living around him and said there was no longer any hope that any man would be spared. The captain's gig could be got at handily, and in case we wanted to take it and pull away from the ship he would help to get her in the water. The two sailors were eager to get off, but my mind was quickly made up to remain with Mr. Merwin.

When the mate and I were left alone he wrote up his log book and also prepared two statements, which he sealed up and cast overboard. That night when I went to sleep the bark was heaving about on the ground swell in the same monotonous way, and Mr. Merwin sat at the table in the cabin reading a book. I slept the night through without a break, and it was sunrise when I turned out. I looked into the mate's stateroom, but saw that he had not been to bed. I ran on deck, but he was nowhere to be seen.

I called him and began a search, and it was a full hour before I gave up and realized that he was not in the ship. What had happened during the night I could only surmise. He had not wakened me nor left a message.

When I fully realized that I was alone aboard of the ship I was so terrified that I hid away in the cabin for several hours.

Things were not at all clear to me until the morning of the eleventh day of the calm. Then I awoke to find myself feeling as well as ever in my life and ran on deck to find signs of change in the weather. I knew how to make a signal of distress of the English flag, and, although there was no wind, I ran the bunting aloft.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before the first cat's-paw began playing over the glassy surface of the sea, but in the course of half an hour a steady breeze set in from the north and the bark went drifting away before it.

During the next five days and nights the breeze blew from every point of the compass except the east, but did not rise to a gale nor create a heavy sea. I had little to do except to cook my meals and go aloft to look for sails, but I made as much work for myself as I could and did not permit my mind to dwell on the present or future.

On the seventh or eighth day of my loneliness at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and while the bark was drifting to the east under a light breeze I went aloft and made out a sail to the north, a second to the south and a third to the west.

The first two were too far away to hope for assistance. The third was coming up and must pass me close.

She was but a speck on the horizon when I made her out, but two hours later I had her in plain sight, and at 5 o'clock she was up with me. She proved to be the ship Amazon of Liverpool, bound for the Cape with soldiers and emigrants, and a crew was put aboard of the derelict, and she headed for that port in company.

Ship and cargo were worth a big sum of money, but I was not entitled to a dollar of salvage.

There were those who even said I ought to be thankful over my escape from the epidemic, let alone the question of a reward. I had to tell the story over and over again, make affidavits, go into court and sign papers,

and I may tell you that before I got through playing the hero I was disgusted with the whole business and hoping nothing of the sort would ever occur again.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Baste the Bear.

This is a lively blood warming game, well suited for the noon hour or the recess period, says Youth's Companion. Any number of boys can play. The only implement required is an old gunny sack for each player.

The sacks are loosely rolled the long way, but not tied. To start the game, one boy volunteers to be the bear. He chooses another boy for his keeper.

The bear stoops, as the boy does who is "down" at leap frog. If he does not bend his head far enough at first he will soon learn to do it. He holds his ankles with both hands, but with one hand he also holds one end of his own sack. The keeper holds the other end of the bear's sack in one hand, and in the other his own sack.

The rest of the players circle round, watching for a chance to hit the bear with their sacks and escape being hit by the keeper. The keeper tries to touch one of the players with his sack. Whenever he succeeds, the player so touched becomes the bear, the old keeper joins the players, and the new bear becomes keeper until he can win his place among the other players again.

Should either the bear or his keeper let go of either end of either sack and thus "break the circuit," the bear may be "bastardized" until the connection is restored. No touch made by the keeper counts unless both he and the bear have hold of the bear's sack. Thus it becomes an object of the game to strike at the bear's sack and break either his hold or that of his keeper or else to "disarm" the keeper by striking his sack with another sack and giving a quick pull as the sacks entwine.

Concerning Fire.

There are different kinds of fire. Have you ever wondered why the flame of the kitchen stove is blue, why the open gas jet and the incandescent electric bulb shed yellow light, why the gas mantle shines white and why the electric arc is blue, especially when you see it burning in the daytime? The source of the light is different.

The old fashioned gas jet and the incandescent bulb shine because the carbon (or tungsten) in them is more than red hot. The difference is that the thin wire of carbon (or something else) in the bulb is heated by electricity and the fine carbon dust of the open flame (it is called soot when it's cold), is heated by the blue flame. The yellow gas flame is not nearly so hot as the blue. That is why you should not turn up the gas too high when you are cooking things on the kitchen range.

The gas mantle is white because the fabric is heated to a great degree by a blue flame inside, much like that of the kitchen stove, and very hot. The electric arc shines with the light from intensely hot carbon, but mostly from the oxygen of the air, which is raised to a white heat by the passage of electricity between the two carbons.

Geographical Game.

Seat the players in a ring. Let the first one say aloud the name of a city, mountain, river, lake, and so on, located in any part of the world. The next player gives a name beginning with the final letter of the previously said name, and the third supplies one beginning with the final letter of the second, and so on, around the ring—thus: America, Africa; Sacramento, Oberlin. Each player is allowed thirty seconds in which to think. If by the end of that time he has failed to supply a name he must drop out of the game. The one who keeps up longest is the champion. Any player at any time may be challenged to give the geographical location of the place he has named. If on demand he cannot do so he must pay a forfeit.

Sayings About Apples.

There are a great many people who are fond of apples, and it is right that they should be, as this lovely autumn fruit is not only good to the taste, but wholesome to eat. Long, long ago our ancestors made up this little rhyme about apples:

Eat an apple going to bed.
Make the doctor beg his bread.

The Daines had a saying, "The rotten apple spoils its companion," a reminder of the fact that evil is easily spread. Another saying connected with this fruit was, "He goes from apple to apple till he gets a crab." This meant that persons who are over-particular in choosing are apt to select just what they do not like; the "crab" means the crab apple, which is usually sour and harsh.

A Fish Story.

It was down in South Carolina that Mr. Hiers went fishing. He had just caught a fish and pulled it up out of the water when an eagle, which seemed to be hungry, swooped down and made a bite at the catch. Mr. Hiers yelled and swung his arm, and the eagle flapped aside, but its wing caught in the hook that had already caught the fish. So Mr. Hiers killed the bird after a fight and carried it home to exhibit it in triumph to wondering neighbors. It measured nearly six feet from tip to tip of the wings.

The Furnace Man.

To make the steam heat go,
And when we have a storm he has
To shovel off the snow.
I help him with my shovel
To clear away the snow.
When two men work together
It's easier, you know.

Special Notice

All Persons Who Are Behind
One Year on our Subscription Books
Will have to Come off, Under
the Law, if not Paid at once

The Government
Will Not carry Papers in the
Mail for Parties who Owe
More than one Year

Great Bargain

The Louisville Daily Herald
And the
Adair County

U. G. HARDWICK, Pres. J. H. COCKE, V. Pres. R. H. DIETZMAN, Sec.

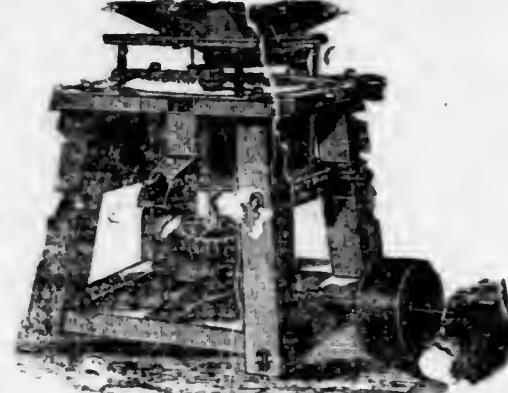
W. T. Pyne Mill & Supply Co.

ESTABLISHED 1861 — INCORPORATED 1889

MILLWRIGHTS & MACHINISTS
DEALERS IN
ENGINES, BOILERS, SAW MILLS,
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SMOKE STACKS



Sheet Iron and Tank Work

JOBBING WORK SOLICITED

—All Kinds of Machinery Repaired—

If you stop in

LOUISVILLE

For your Christmas buying put the H. B. & W Store on your list. We show an immense line of suitable gifts such as

Pictures, Lace Curtains Portieres,
Cape Sweeps, Vacuum Cleaners,
Rugs in all Shapes and Sizes.

Our location makes it possible to quote low prices on best merchandise best merchandise, besides we will refund your Railroad fare.

Money Saved is Money Made,

Lets prove to you the maxim of this adage.

Hubbuch Bros., & Wellendorff

Incorporated

522 and 524 West Market St.

Woodson Lewis

Greensburg, Ky.

Always appreciates trade from Adair and

Adjoining Counties and is constantly of-

fering and giving to all-comers, Bargains

in all Lines of goods

I'll send Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes

to any point, by Pareels Post, prepaid.

Any goods not satisfactory can be re-

turned by Parcel Post, if in seven days

after sent out

Woodson Lewis

The Adair County News and Courier-Journal
Both One Year for \$1.50.

DRIED BEET PULP AS A DAIRY FEED

The feeding of a small herd of dairy cows without a silo from a limited amount of runout tillage land presents quite a problem—that is, if a profit is made, writes a New Hampshire farmer in the Rural New Yorker. While there is now no question about the value and economy of silage as a feed, it is nevertheless a fact that thousands of farmers are still without a silo. The best substitute we have found for silage is dried beet pulp, which we commenced feeding soon after it was put on the market.

Previous to using the pulp we fed the grains commonly considered best for dairy cows—viz., cornmeal, bran, cottonseed meal, gluten feed, hominy, etc.—in various combinations, depending on the cost of each and kind of roughage available. But we had more or less trouble from garget, caked udder, cows off feed, and they would generally shrink in milk much sooner than we thought they should. The beet pulp did not perhaps cause the cows to give a greatly increased flow of milk, but there were much less variation and shrinkage, and the troubles above mentioned disappeared. We have fed

Engine breakdown or explosion will be theoretically impossible. Three separate gas bags in a single envelope will lift the ship. The ship will be able to make a nonstop flight of 4,000 miles at an average of sixty-eight miles hourly, landing without external aid.

If can descend on the water, along the top of which it can travel thirty-five miles hourly with no danger of a wreck.

Boerner is trying to raise sufficient money to build six ships, requiring \$500,000.

HOW MANY TOES ON TURKEY?

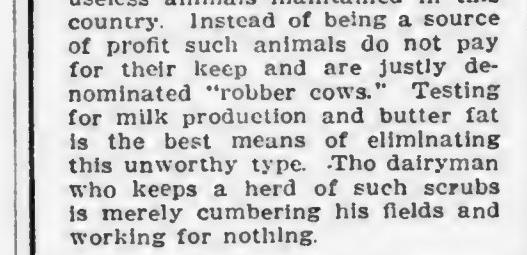
The Question is a Puzzler in Smith County, Kan.

Smith Center, Kan.—The number of toes possessed by a normal turkey remains a matter of conjecture in the district court of Smith county.

Two men were before the court charged with stealing seven big gobblers and hens from a neighbor. The plaintiff identified his fowls by holes he had thoughtfully made in the web between the toes with a harness punch.

"How many toes has a turkey, anyway?" asked counsel for the defense. The plaintiff had never counted them.

One witness guessed four, another guessed three, and a poultry dealer of twenty years' experience admitted he did not know.



The miserable specimen of a cow here pictured is typical of the many useless animals maintained in this country. Instead of being a source of profit such animals do not pay for their keep and are justly denominated "robber cows." Testing for milk production and butter fat is the best means of eliminating this unworthy type. The dairyman who keeps a herd of such scrubs is merely cumbering his fields and working for nothing.

the pulp both wet and dry and can see no particular difference in results. If fed dry cows should have access to water at least twice daily.

The rule we follow quite closely, but with some variation for amount of grain per cow, is one pound of grain for each three pounds of milk. The maximum grain feed is continued until milk flow is very small, when we reduce to from four to six pounds per cow and give that amount until within one week of her time to freshen. Each cow's grain is weighed, and we are exact about this to the ounce. By experimenting we found that to commence reducing the cow's grain ration as her milk flow diminished would cause her to shrink more rapidly, whereas if same amount was continued right along she would be encouraged to keep up as near as possible to her full flow of milk. We of course watch the cows closely and, if any unfavorable symptoms appear, immediately reduce the ration, but this very rarely happens. By feeding in this way as the cow's milk flow diminishes she commences to put on more flesh, and the unborn calf also gets needed nourishment.

WORK THE STALLIONS.

Plentiful Exercise Conduces to Health and Vigor.

There is no stallion so good that he will not be a lot better if he is worked daily in the harness and made to take his turn in all the hard labor of the farm. What is there about a stallion that he should be condemned either to a life of luxurious ease or neglect more or less total? Few stallions kept for service in the country get proper care—indeed few of them get any sort of care at all during the winter season. Generally they are maintained on a starvation diet and allowed to grow hair several inches long, in which all manner of filth and vermin may collect at will. Stalls are seldom cleaned out, and as for cleaning up the exercising yard, that is never thought of.

Why should so many stallions be kept in this obnoxious way? Take any one of the farm horses and submit it to the same treatment and it would go wrong in a short time. Why then expect a stallion to withstand such ill-treatment simply because he is a stallion? No matter what the horse cost, break him and put him to work. His giant thaws and sinews, if he is a drafter, will be a tower of strength in the gang plow and the manure spreader. He will haul logs out of the timber with ease. If properly handled he is the pleasantest worker imaginable, because he is always unafraid and generally more intelligent than geldings or mares.

It is all in the man who handles the stallion. Then in addition to keeping the horse in a much more healthy condition continued labor in the harness will make and keep him docile and much more easily handled than if he is neglected and left to himself to form bad habits, mental and physical. There is a big dividend in working an entire horse, no matter what he cost.

Warts on the Udder.

Warts on the udder of a cow are readily removed by rubbing in best castor oil or fresh goose grease once or twice daily. Any wart that has a small neck may be removed at once by the use of the scissor; then lightly apply Lamar caustic pencil.

PLANS FLEET OF DIRIGIBLES.

German Inventor Would Carry 300 Passengers Across the Atlantic.

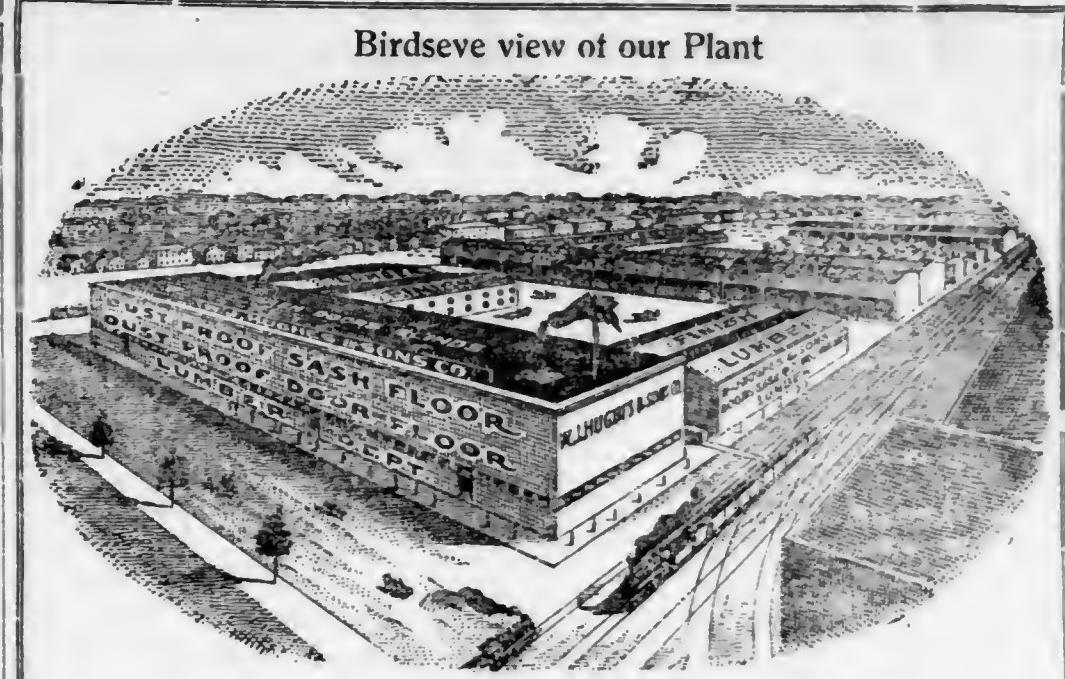
Vienna.—The German airship inventor, A. Boerner, is here trying to raise capital to finance a line of transatlantic dirigibles, each capable of carrying 300 passengers and of crossing the Atlantic in fifty hours.

French experts state that the new airship certainly is the most practicable yet designed for long voyages. The inventor says it will bring Vienna within sixty hours of New York. The ship is to be as luxurious as the Imperator, with a length of 800 feet and a width of eighty. There are to be 300 cabins, dining and smoking rooms, a promenade deck, kitchens and electric lights. Built in a semi-rigid car running the entire length of the ship will be thirty-four motors of 150 to 200 horsepower each, so arranged that no ballast will be carried.

Engine breakdown or explosion will be theoretically impossible. Three separate gas bags in a single envelope will lift the ship. The ship will be able to make a nonstop flight of 4,000 miles at an average of sixty-eight miles hourly, landing without external aid.

If can descend on the water, along the top of which it can travel thirty-five miles hourly with no danger of a wreck.

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EVERYTHING IN

ROOFING

Asphalt, Gravel, Rubber, Galvanized and Printed.

Also Elwood and American Fence.

Steel Fence Posts

DEHLER BROS. CO.

Incorporated

112-116 East Market Street, Between First and Brook

Louisville, Ky.

Pekins do not need water for swimming, but they must have plenty of absolutely clean drinking water.

Constipation Potions You.

If you are constipated, your entire system is poisoned by the waste matter kept in the body—serious results often follow. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and you will soon get rid of constipation, headache, and other troubles. 25c at Pauli Drug Co., or by mail. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia, Mo.

When chickens have dropped wings it is a sign that they require attention.

Daily Courier-Journal at Half Price.

During December, January, and February the Adair County News has made a special arrangement whereby the Daily Courier-Journal can be furnished one year for \$3.00, six months \$1.75, by mail (Sunday not included) to all persons who will give their orders to us during the months named above. Better still, you can have the Daily Courier-Journal and this paper one year each for only \$3.50. After February 28th, 1911, the price of the Daily Courier-Journal alone is \$6.00 a year. Take advantage of this special Bargain Offer at once and Reduce the High Cost of Living.

To Get Advantage of This Cut Rate, Orders Must Be Sent to Us, Not to the Courier-Journal.

Are You a Woman?

Cow in Woman's Lap.

London.—C. Sims of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, met with a remarkable accident while motorcycling in South Lincolnshire with Mrs. Sims in his side car. A cow moved across the road in front of the motorcycle and was taken up in the side car, where it reposed on Mrs. Sims' lap. The cow gave Mrs. Sims a somewhat violent "kiss" on the cheek, which, it is stated, "left a headache." The extra weight then tipped up the side car, and the cow slipped off its seat.

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"Another feminine trait," I observed. "Miss Daisy was evidently a woman." "She was a woman, stranger, an' the worst kind of a one," Dale went on lugubriously. "She broke me all up. I just rented this farm an' went away. I didn't come back fur ten years. Then I made up my mind that women folks wasn't wuth worryin' about, an' I took my farm agin ab' began ter work it. The first time I went by Farmer Owens' Daisy come out—she had grown ter be a fine lookin' young woman of twenty-six—an' what do you suppose she did?"

"I can't imagine."

"Asked me if I wouldn't tie up a finger. She had the same wicked look in her eye she had when she drove that lopsided farm han' by my house ten years afore. Women is the persistent critters I ever see. I just squared off an' said: 'Ye don't git me that a-way agin'. Ye done it once, an' that's enough.' But do ye know, stranger, she was so sick about it that in five minutes I had my arm about her an' she was a-restin' her head on my shoulder. She was a-cryin', too—cryin' crockerdile tears, no doubt."

"Waal, we was engaged, but it didn't last long. The question come up as whether we'd be married by a justice or a parson. I don't like parsons myself, an' I wanted a justice. Dale wanted a parson, an' she was so blame set about it that I reckoned if she was obstinate about a small matter like that she'd be wantin' ter run the farm, so I called the thing off, an' I've been livin' alone here ever since."

"Mr. Dale," I said, "you have mistaken natural feminine traits for general coarseness."

"That's what they is, I tell ye, stranger. Ye don't understand."

"You have declined to give up that which to a woman is a great deal, while to you it is nothing. Miss Owens was right to insist on being married by a parson, and you were ungenerous to refuse her. Now, let me give you a bit of advice. Miss Owens is still single? Yes. Well, go to her and tell her that when you first met her you were a blundering idiot and that later you were an obstinate brute. Say that if she will overlook your past errors you will spend your life in doing penance."

"Why, stranger, if I was ter do that I'd never have any own way about anything afterward."

"It is the only way to have your own way about everything with a woman. Toss it all into her hands, and she'll toss it right back to you. More than that, she'll expect you to lead, and if you don't lead she'll not respect you."

"Ye don't mean it! Say, stranger: what sort of a makeup do ye call that anyway?"

The next summer I rode past Farmer Dale's place. It was the trimmest looking farm in the county. After supper the farmer told me how much better contended he was while Mrs. Dale was washing the dishes.

THE ADAIR COUNTY NEWS

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Published Every Wednesday

BY THE

Adair County News Company.
(INCORPORATED.)

CHAS. S. HARRIS EDITOR.

Democratic newspaper devoted to the interest of the City of Columbia and the people Adair and adjacent counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class mail matter.

WED. DEC. 31, 1913

The passing of the old year and the advent of the new is of itself a reminder that time flies, and should impress every one the importance of using the hours and days as they swiftly glide. It seems but a brief trip from nineteen hundred and twelve to the dawn of nineteen hundred and fourteen, and yet, twelve full months—a complete year has been swept from the calendar of time. In reviewing—taking a back look over the year just closed—The News regrets that it has not carried more messages of peace and good will and gave more hope and inspiration to the community it serves. It regrets that its feeble efforts to advance the welfare of this section have, in many instances, been misunderstood, but it has no regrets for its insistence for better public conditions nor the manner it sought to secure them. Citizens of this county, men of good judgment and mature thought, may well look back over the year and note the tendency of action and accomplishment, and measure the worth affecting the future. Time flies, but this community moves slowly if it moves at all toward ends to be desired. The year truly had its blessings in many things, and for these all should be truly thankful. The morals of our people remain good, their social greetings unimpaired, educational interests a few degrees better than former years, and religious life normal. No great waves of enthusiasm have reached this section in any avenues of living, and it seems we are drifting serenely on toward the end of our earthly career with but little effort to brighten the future—such is the past, such the living of nineteen hundred and thirteen. Turn to the future in the bud-hood of a new year, and let us all resolve to change the drift to intelligent, united action to bring better public conditions in our moral, intellectual, religious and industrial conditions. It is the duty of all to be good citizens, to be active and energetic in chosen avenues of business, and it is likewise a duty to render good service to the public. The farm should be made better, the place of business enhanced, production enlarged. Individual effort must direct thrift and advancement in personal interests, but after all, public conditions affect, stimulate or cripple individual endeavors. It behooves us all to have a thrifty community, and if united in purpose and action Columbia and Adair county can do more to create thrift and enterprise during the incoming year than it has ever done in a decade before. The News does not propose to lead out of the wilderness, so to speak, but it does propose to do its whole duty as it sees it. The effort now on to get railroad connection means too

much to be lightly considered. We can make it succeed if we keep the faith. Its success means a permanent advance in values and opportunities. Slowly but surely this proposition is gaining and should be crowned with success. Believing that a brighter day is dawning and hoping that it will soon be here, The News extends to its many readers and patrons its good will and wishes for the most prosperous year in the history of this section. It believes in the old adage—keeping everlastingly at it brings success.

President Wilson was fifty-seven years old last Sunday.

Gradyville.

The weather has been cold for the past few days.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dudley died with a complication of diseases on the 21st

Mr. Stonewall Dohoney and family, of Columbia, visited Mr. Alfred Parson and family several days of last week.

Will Diddle spent a few days at Greensburg last week.

Mr. W. B. Hill, the well-known Platt Food man, came in a few days ago to spend the holidays with his friends.

Ed Diddle, one of Columbia's students, is at home at this time confined with fever. We are glad to say he is getting along nicely.

Mr. Arvest Hill, who has a nice business at McGregor, Texas, is at home on a few days visit.

Guy Nell passed through here last Saturday en route to Edmon-ton.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sollenberger came in last week to spend the holidays with their relatives.

Mr. W. L. Fletcher spent one day last week at East Fork.

Mr. Geo. E. Nell receiving a nice lot of tobacco at this place at this time. We understand his purchase is some of the best tobacco in this section.

The singing at the Baptist church last Sunday night conducted by Austin Gibson, of Sparkesville, was very well attended and the singing was just simply fine.

The children with all other people present received a nice treat from the Sunday Schools at this place last Sunday afternoon.

Jo Ed Hunter was at Greensburg last Saturday.

Austin Wilmore spent a few days in Louisville the first of the week.

Mr. Charlie Diddle came in from Lexington a few days ago to spend Christmas with his relatives and friends. Charles likes Lexington very much.

Strong Hill was on the sick list a few days last week "with tooth ache."

We must say here that one of the most elegant dinners that was served during the holidays was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Moss, of our city. Everything that could be mentioned that is good to eat had been prepared for the occasion. The day will certainly be long remembered by every one present.

Ed Baker and family visited friends in the community of Fair Play a day or so last week.

The holidays that have just passed out gave our merchants,

one and all, a good trade. Every body looked like they were having a good time. No trouble in this section to amount to anything. Once and a while you would pass a person and from his appearance it seemed like he had gotten on the outside of a little too much "booze" but no trouble whatever.

Quite a number of people have left this community recently for Highland Park where they expect to get employment.

James Q. Diddle and Clem Keltner spent a day or so in Green county last week looking at hogs.

J. H. Smith returned from Louisville last week with a nice bunch of milk cattle ready for the market.

Ozark.

In our last letter to the News we said making spokes was the principal occupation instead of making hay, as the typist made it say.

Mr. Henry Montgomery and wife removed to this place last week. They rented property from Mr. G. G. Reynolds.

Mrs. Mollie Troutman and son have moved to Miss Annie E. Montgomery's place.

Mr. Lander Bryant has made public the announcement that he was married Sept. 7th, to Miss Lula Tucker, of Roy. The groom is a young man of good habits, the bride is gentle and refined.

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Ed Baker and family visited friends in the community of Fair Play a day or so last week.

The holidays that have just

passed out gave our merchants,

been sick for the past two weeks

is still very sick.

A large crowd attended the funeral of little Mary Rubarts which was at the Tabernacle cemetery last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Nannie Corneal and her daughter, Cora, spent last Thursday with Mrs. Ermine Jones.

Mr. Willie Evans and sister, Mattie were in Columbia last Wednesday.

Miss Sarah Collins closed her school at Tabernacle last Friday.

Rev. Marvin Perryman will preach at Tabernacle Saturday night.

Several from this place attended the entertainment at Neatsburg last Friday night.

Misses Williard and Ada Neat and brother, Robert, of Garlin were the pleasant guest of Miss Myrt Neat, last week.

Joppa.

There is no sickness in our town at this writing.

W. W. Kritley moved into his new store house last week and we have an empty store house for another man to put in a stock of goods.

Bill Thompson and wife were visiting at Gadberry Saturday night and Sunday.

Marvin Cabell went to Ozark Saturday to spend a week with his sister, Irene.

Willie Powell and family visited at G. E. Powells Sunday.

C. W. Young and family spent several days last week visiting in this neighborhood.

L. C. Cabell, of Dunnville, spent a night with his brother, R. O. Cabell last week.

Mr. Willie Bloomingshine, of Cincinnati, is spending a week with his cousin, John Troutman.

Mr. Henry Moore and sister, of Cane Valley, were visiting at Mr. John Youngs Saturday night.

Mr. George Farris was calling at Mr. Henry Tupmans Saturday night and Sunday.

W. F. Sanders left Monday for Kansas to visit his two sons who have been there for some time.

R. M. Cabell had the misfortune to lose a fine redbird filly a short time ago.

Death of Little Mary Rubarts.

Last Sunday afternoon about three o'clock the death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rubarts and claimed for it their little daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who was the baby of their home and loved by all who knew her. She was born June 1st, 1910, died Dec. 21, 1913, making her three years six months and twenty one day's old. Religious services were held at Tabernacle Monday afternoon, by Eld. J. Q. Montgomery. She leaves a father, mother, one sister and one half sister and a host of relatives and friends. We will say to those who weep, weep not for we know

it is well with thee.

Dear Mary thou has left us,

Here thy loss we deeply feel,

But 'tis God that bethrest us,

He can all our sorrow heal.

A loving Friend.

To Whom it May Concern.

After having in our midst a

man of unusual ability, and having had a school taught, commendable to all, we deem it proper

not only to express our appreciation of numerous courtesies,

etc., but to put before the people statements of certain facts needed in the movement of musical progress. We, the committee appointed from the members of the music class at Concord School, beg leave to make the following recommendations:

1 That since we believe the proper development of the science of music is one of the most difficult subjects and since the music student needs sympathetic and helpful direction and guidance in the great task before them, it is the sense of this committee, that only teachers of training and experience should direct this work.

2 That we endorse the organization of a teachers institute, and, that an organization be elevated in the minds of the people and that a well directed effort be made to increase the attendance and cooperation at said institute.

3 That without thought of criticism, but in the spirits of helpfulness to those who have in charge the work of editing and publishing, we would advise that in some way a more vital relation be worked out between editors and teachers of music, to secure a broader use of that powerful means of development of pupils.

4 That we are grateful to Prof. I. M. Grimsley for the splendid work done while in our midst.

5 And that we believe his method of instruction and moral influence will not only be of lasting good to those who were under him but to the community in general.

6 That by request of the members of this class a copy of these be sent to the Adair County News.

Chas. F. Breeding | Com.
Edgar Royse.

From Oklahoma.

Enid Dec. 14, 1913.

Editor News:—

I felt this morning like I would like to write a few lines to the News. I am visiting my brother in Oklahoma. I came from Cincinnati, Ohio, and passed through Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, as I came on the Rockland line, and have seen some of the prettiest country in the world and have had a nice trip, and I certainly like the country, or all of it I have seen.

My brother, Loe Bryant and I, have been driving over Oklahoma quite a good deal since I came here, and I tell you it is a beautiful country. We also went to see the corpse of John Wilks Booth, who killed Abraham Lincoln. His body is here in Enid, Oklahoma. We visited also the stock pavilion in Enid—the largest of the kind in America. It is 750 feet long, and I judge about 250 in width. We visited the Government Springs Park. It has five springs about 40 feet from each other, and each has a different taste, but all of it is good water. From what I have seen of this country I like it fine.

If I had more time we would visit the salt plains, but as I will soon have to return home, I will have to content myself without seeing them. We also went through a \$10,000 dairy barn.

It is near my brother's, and is grand to look at, and I never saw such good wheat in my life as in

Kansas and Oklahoma. I came through Missouri at night and did not get to see much of it, but

intend to go back through Missouri in daylight, so that I may see how that country looks.

I

live in Covington, Ky., and have every thing convenient and the best schools and churches and a fine city, but I must say, I am struck with some of the Western countries, and can't say that I will be satisfied in Covington any more, although I love my home and the Covington people. I certainly have had a nice trip, and hope this will not be the last time I visit this country. All the stock I have seen here is a long ways ahead of the stock back East. It is so level here that you can see for miles, and not any timber to be seen.

Mrs. W. S. Rexroat.

No. 2

Editor News:—

As my sister Mrs. Rexroat is writing you a letter from here I thought perhaps you would find space in your paper for a few lines from me, as I haven't written to the News for quite a while.

It can only be imagined how proud I was to see my sister and little niece, whom I had not seen for nearly eight years, and being an only sister, and one that almost raised me, as my mother was an invalid, it was almost like meeting mother as well as sister, and the only regret is, she can only spend a week with me.

Well, every thing in Oklahoma is looking good. So much wheat pasture never was known, and fat horses and cattle in abundance, which is a great blessing to this country. As you all know the drouth hit the whole country, but it appears to me that we in the South West got the worst jolt, as we had chinch bugs and grasshoppers both to contend with, outside of dry weather and hot winds, and consequently there was but little feed raised, but it rained in September, and has been wet ever since, and people got out an immense crop of wheat—never any finer. We are living in hopes of a good crop in 1914. Corn is 90 cents per bushel, wheat 78 cents, oats 60, and hay \$15 to \$20 a ton. Most of the farmers are feeding wheat and letting the grain dealers keep their 90 cent corn.

Horses are cheaper than they have been for some time, but one can almost get his own price for a good milk cow. Steers and all beef cattle are high, but hogs are only \$6.50 a hundred. Fresh shoulder meat is only 17½ cents a pound. Now who makes the money on hogs? When the farmer feeds 90 cent corn to hogs and sells them on foot for \$6.50, I can't figure any way, only for him to go into the hole. How long, O! how long is the American farmer going to let the dealers price the stuff he raises and the stuff he buys, and weigh his stuff for him? There are three ways for to get robbed, and as a rule in the West they are not backward about robbing. There is one man in Enid that 17 years ago was buying grain and carrying it in a back room in a bushel basket (according to old settlers word,) and to-day he owns a flour mill as large as there is in the State, several elevators in small towns around, and lives in a \$35,000 residence, rides in his big touring cars. Now who built him up? If the farmer didn't, it looks like a little too one-sided.

Well, I guess I will close by saying we haven't had scarcely any winter at all, and I don't think there will be any kick coming if it still continues this way.

No Substitutes

RETURN to the grocer all substitutes sent you for Royal Baking Powder. There is no substitute for ROYAL. Royal is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and healthful. Powders offered as substitutes are made from alum.

Personals.

Mr. C. S. Harris is in Louisville this week.

Mr. C. M. Barnett arrived one day last week.

Mr. D. C. Hopper, Font Hill, was here yesterday.

Mr. Jo Russell is with his family here this week.

Mr. John A. Harris has returned to Columbia, Tenn.

Mr. Herman Barnett is spending a few days in Columbia.

Mr. Cravens was on the sick list the first of the week.

Mr. John Goff, of Bakerton, spent Christmas in Columbia.

Mr. Sam Lewis is spending a few days in Elizabethtown.

Miss Ethel Crockett will visit Mrs. Ray Montgomery this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tim Cravens have returned from Tompkinsville.

Mrs. James M. Arvin has returned from a visit to Campbellsville.

Mr. W. L. Ingram and wife have returned from a visit to Hatcher.

Mr. W. S. Feese and wife of Cincinnati, were here one day last week.

Mrs. J. O. Russell has about recovered from an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. Jo Rosenfield, of Middlesboro, is spending a week with his family here.

Mrs. W. H. Edsall, of Louisville, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Priscilla Donehoo.

Miss Nina Rickman, of Hopkinsville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Woodruff Flowers.

Mrs. Sue Grissom is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Meil, Horse Cave.

Mr. L. O. Taylor and wife will return this week from a visit to Danville and Lexington.

Mrs. Charles Walls, who visited in Louisville and Anchorage, returned home Sunday night.

Miss Agnes Conover, who is teaching at Leitchfield, was with her parents here during Christmas.

Mr. Porter A. Murrell and family, who live near Champaign, Ill., are visiting relatives in the County.

Mr. James Holladay and Miss Lois Holladay, who are in school at Georgetown, spent the holidays at home.

Miss Mary Williams, of Montpelier, visited Misses Mary Lucy and Leonora Lowe, the latter part of the week.

Miss Minnie Kemp, who teaches at Elizabethtown, came home for the holidays and will return the last of the week.

Mr. Coy E. Dudgeon, wife and children, Lebanon, spent a few days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hurt.

Mr. E. P. Harris spent last week with Mrs. Harris here. This week the couple leave for their home, Catlettsburg.

Mr. Jim Shirley, who has been in Missouri for several months, returned to his old Adair County home last Wednesday.

Messrs. G. W. Brockman and J. D. Sharp, Amanda, were here Monday, to enter a number of pupils in the Lindsey-Wilson.

Mrs. Mattie Vance and her daughter, Miss Nancy, have gone to Florida to live. They have the best wishes of their Adair county relatives and friends.

Dr. Jas. Triplett and his daughter, Miss Mary, and Miss Minnie Triplett are spending this week at Bonnerville, Hart County, visiting the family of Mr. W. T. Grant.

Mr. J. E. Flowers, who was accidentally shot, an account of which appears elsewhere in this paper, is getting along nicely and will evidently be up in a very short time.

Mr. W. P. Taylor, who has been visiting at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Charles Sutton, left for Kansas Monday morning. His family will remain here several weeks.

Miss Mary Lucy Lowe left the first of the week for Kansas City, Mo., to attend the Student Volunteer Convention, which is to be held in that city from Dec. 31st to Jan. 4th. Miss Lowe goes as one of the two student delegates from the Kentucky College for Women, Danville, Ky.

The young ladies will be accompanied by a teacher from the same institution. They will meet in Louisville, and from that place will travel by special train to Kansas City.

Additional Locals.

Wanted.

Ten carpenters at once. Apply to J. C. Miller, Columbia, Ky.

For Sale.

I have three Poland China boards which I will sell.

Joe Harris,
Columbia, Ky.

If you want to buy, sell or exchange property or second hand machinery of any kind, write me giving full description and price. I work on 5 per cent commission. I hunt the buyers I want the sellers.

W. E. Stapp,
3-St.
Columbia, Ky.

I keep on hands a full stock of cottons, caskets, and robes. I also keep Metallic Caskets, and Steel Boxes and two hearse. Prompt service night or day. Residence Phone 29, office Phone 98.

J. F. Trippett,
Ad.
Columbia, Ky.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

ADAIR CIRCUIT COURT OF KENTUCKY.

Catherine Acree, Ptif. Dr. Woodruff Flowers &c. Defts.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of Adair Circuit Court, rendered at the September term, thereof, 1913, in the above cause, for the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars with the interest at the rate of six per cent, per annum from the 23rd day of September, 1913, until paid, and \$58.30 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Columbia, Ky., to the highest bidder, at public auction, on Monday, the 19th day of January, 1914, at one o'clock, p.m., or thereabout, (being county court) upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in Adair county, Ky., on the waters of Clifty, a branch of Russells creek containing 150 acres more or less and known as the Greene Acree farm, subject to the dower rights of the widow of said Greene Acree. Said land is bounded as follows: Beginning at two poplars corner to James Moody's military survey, thence with his line S. 29, E. 36 poles to a buckeye and poplar in said line, thence N. 61, E. 80 poles to a maple, whiteoak and dogwood, thence N. 29, W. 281 poles to a hickory, poplar and gum, thence S. 61, W. 166 poles to a poplar and dogwood, thence S. 29, E. 145 poles to a white oak and two gums in said Moody's line, thence with said line N. 51, E. 86 poles to the beginning. Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made, off the east end of said tract of land. For the purchase price, the purchaser, with approved surety or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

W. A. Coffey, Master Commissioner.

Communications for publication or inquirers for job-work should be addressed to the Adair County News. Frequently such documents are addressed to me and they go to my residence before reaching the office, causing a delay.

C. S. Harris.

Local Market.

To-day.

Eggs.....	23
Hens.....	9
Chickens.....	8
Cocks.....	4
Turkeys.....	00
Geese.....	7
Ducks.....	9
Wool spring clipping.....	18
Hides (green).....	15
Feathers.....	40
Ginseng.....	5 50
Beeswax.....	25
Yellow Root.....	2 75
May Apple (per lb).....	2

Dirigo.

Mrs. Amanda J. McClister has sold her stock of goods at this place to Mose Wooten and Acy Pelston. They have removed the goods to their store at this place.

Mrs. Nancy J. Harvey, widow of the late Robert Harvey, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Eli Rossen, near here, last Tuesday. She was a very highly respected old lady and had been in feeble health for some time.

Girard G. Campbell has been appointed postmaster at this place.

Thomas Janes holds the record in house carpentry in this section. Last Monday morning he began the erection of a dwelling house near here and on Wednesday afternoon he had completed the building and moved into it.

Rev. George Groves visited this community last week and spent the night with Rev. Joe Stotts. Next morning he found his horse down in the stall. Several of the neighbors were called in to help get it up. But when it was finally raised to its feet it was found that it could not go. He worked with it until about noon that day, but was unable to save it. Selby Royse and Ova Campbell each lost a horse recently in the same way. Some people think that death was caused by the animals eating smut on corn fodder.

Livingston, Tenn.

I will write you a short letter and hope that you can find space in your paper for it.

I was born and raised in Adair county near Fairplay. I married a lady raised in Russell county. I lived in Adair county until about 20 years ago when I went to Russell and lived there until about 7 years ago and I then moved to Overton county, Tenn., where I now reside.

Tennessee is a good country and they are good people down here, but I want to say that they don't equal our Kentucky people and there but few that does. I am going to move back to Kentucky some time during next year, either to Russell or Adair county.

My people live in Adair and my wife's people live in Russell and Adair both.

There was a big decoration at Winnell, Tenn., on the 12th of December to decorate the graves of the Union and Confederate soldiers. There were many speeches made. Among the greatest speakers were Governor Hooper, of Nashville, and William Matthew, a State Senator, of Winnell, Tenn., and the Hon. O. H. Sullivan, of Jamestown, Ky. Every body said that the Kentucky boy made the biggest speech they ever heard in their

Cane Valley.

Born, to the wife of Finis Cundiff on December 24th, a 10 pound son.

Born, to the wife of J. C. Sublett on December 24th, a 10 pound son.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shepherd, of Blanchard, Okla., are spending the holidays at this place.

Christie Curry, who has been confined to his home with typhoid fever for the past three

Columbia, Kentucky, December, 17, 1913.

Mr. John Doe,

In Account With

The Jeffries Hardware Store

Dec.	17	To Balance Acct. to date	\$13 47
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If you owe us a Due Note or Account, your name is JOHN DOE.

Please call and settle at once.

Herman C. Tafel

236 W. Jefferson, St.

Louisville, Ky.

All Things Electrical

Write for

Wireless Telegraph Pamphlet

Telegraph Inst. "

Telephone "

Medical Battery "

Electric Light "

Linemen Tools and Line Material

months, is able to walk out a little.

I forgot to tell you in my last letter that Ed Sidwell had gotten married again. He got a Miss Wilson, of Clinton county. He is as happy as a bed bug.

There is a little girl at Jim Selby's. Mother and baby doing well.

Lesley Murphy's baby is very sick this week.

Bros. Tarter, Montgomery and Sullivan are in a great meeting this week at the Hayes Chapel church. The interest is very great.

Misses Lucy and Ada Evans, of Casey county, have been here on a visit for the past few days. These young ladies made many friends while here. The boys say come again girls. We will be glad to see you.

E. E. Kimbler is in from Texas. He reports good crops there this year and much rain there this fall.

I am just in from Casey county. I have given up my work up there to a woman preacher by the name of Dasey Duggins, from Beckenridge county, Ky., so I am out of a job as a preacher for a while.

Dock Barnes has very much improved the looks of his house by adding a new portico and painting the house.

Now as for Big Elm I don't care how much you get for your calves, but that \$6.25 corn when the widow and orphans has no money that is the bub. I know of men who have corn to sell when it gets to \$6.25 a barrel. There is no God in that.

The farmers are busy gathering corn in this section. There has been a big log yard made near here, and they have moved the heading mill.

Mr. Cliff Owens has returned home from Detroit, Michigan, where he has been for the past three months. We are glad to have him back home again.

G. K. Rexroat and wife visited Oscar Thomas and wife Tuesday night.

Editor News:-

I have been thinking I would write to you for some time, and have just neglected doing so.

The farmers are busy gathering corn in this section. There has been a big log yard made near here, and they have moved the heading mill.

Start with the Pekin ducks—they are the hardiest and mature early.

Mrs. Ella Cravens and son, Ethridge, visited at Sherman Dickenson's, the latter part of the week.

G. W. Brown.

Miss Mary Wade is on the sick list.

Miss Mary Wade visited her sister, Mrs. Clara Richardson, Monday night.

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G. W. Brown.

Start with the Pekin ducks—they are the hardiest and mature early.

DON'T

Don't take chances when you go Picture hunting. There is only one genuine Kodak film, and that is

EASTMAN

N. C. Film.

The trade-mark "Kodak" on the spool end identifies the genuine.

We carry a full line of Kodas and supplies.

MURRAY BALL, Jeweler.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Brand Whitlock, the New Minister to Belgium.



Brand Whitlock of Ohio, noted author and political reformer, who has been named minister to Belgium by President Wilson, is serving his fourth term as mayor of Toledo. Nominally a Democrat, Mr. Whitlock has won his political honors as an independent.

A native of Urbana, O., Mr. Whitlock was educated in the public schools and at eighteen became a newspaper reporter in Toledo. Later he became a political writer on the Chicago Herald and in 1883 accepted a clerkship in the office of the secretary of state of Illinois. While there he studied law under John M. Palmer and was admitted to the bar. Since 1887 he has practiced his profession at Toledo. Samuel M. Jones, the "Golden Rule" mayor of Toledo, attracted the young lawyer, and they became fast friends in the work of civic reform. In 1905 Mr. Whitlock was independent candidate for chief executive of the city and won easily against all competitors. Three times thereafter he was nominated and elected.

Uncle Sam's War Supplies.

"How much the United States government has paid in excessive prices to private manufacturers for army and navy materials in the last twenty years I would hesitate to guess at. That the sum would equal the cost of an entire fleet of battleships I have not the slightest doubt." So says Representative Clyde H. Tavenner of Illinois. He would have the government go into the manufacture of war mun-



CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

tions to reduce the high cost of such supplies and has introduced several bills in congress to that effect.

Congressman Tavenner is serving his first term as a member of the national legislature. He is a native of Cordova, Ill., and is in his thirty-second year. In his childhood days he was a newsboy and at the age of thirteen he became an apprentice in a printing office. After several years of typesetting he became a reporter and correspondent. A year ago last November he was elected to congress as a Democrat from the Fourteenth Illinois District.

The Art of Timothy Cole.

Timothy Cole, recently elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, thus constituting him one of the "immortals" of the United States, is the world's leading wood engraver, being one of the few of that craft now producing. He was born in London in 1852, but came to this country at an early age. After the Chicago fire he returned to New York penniless and entered the employ of the Century Magazine (then Scribner's). In 1883 he went to England to engrave the old masters, beginning with the Italian, and two years ago was completing the last of the series, the French.

ROUND THE WORLD

Furniture casters are now made of compressed leather.

West Virginia makes use of less than one-quarter of the coal she produces.

Dutch engineers have been engaged to supervise Peruvian harbor improvements.

An almanac printed in Newport, R. I., in 1781, sold for \$525 in Boston the other day.

An Oregon log raft recently towed to San Francisco represented 100 acres of timber.

A new electric machine irons sheets as fast as five girls can feed them to the rollers.

Some one has figured out that we spend more for beer than for bread in this country.

Harry Paxton, aged four, of London, England, recently voyaged alone to New York.

St. Louis is to have a model postal service under direction of experts from Washington.

A press weighing 12,000 tons has been manufactured in England for bending armor plate.

Radium has now been found also in large quantities in the Ferghana district of Russian Central Asia.

More than one-third of Australia's residents live in four cities, Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne and Brisbane.

N. B. Donahue the other day dug up near Dawson, Alaska, the hoof of an ehippus, the ancestor of the horse.

Cleveland has a city hall complaint bureau. More than 10,000 complaints were registered there in the last twelve months.

The little country of Greece supports more goats than Uncle Sam by 300,000 head, and Italy is but 200,000 short of our number.

It is proposed to award hero medals to those who save victims of electrical shock, asphyxiation and similar fatalities by resuscitation.

The last census of Greenland, dated Oct. 1, 1911, shows that that Danish colony has a total population of 13,459 as against 11,883 in 1901.

A party of forty-five girls left Vancouver for Montreal recently, but only five of them reached their destination, the other forty having got married on the way.

Assuming the population of the United States to be 100,000,000, one man out of every forty owes his means of livelihood and usefulness in some degree to Edison.

India's methods of storing grain are very ancient and inadequate. The first modern grain elevator in all that great peninsula is yet to be finished in the Punjab province.

Articles of clothing from wood fiber are being made in Europe. The material for a suit costs about 50 cents. Clothing made of this material, however, cannot be washed.

Books have been confiscated in Turkey for the most curious reasons. "Sanford and Merton," for instance, suffered this fate because the pet dog in the tale was called Turk.

An Illinois inventor has brought out an asbestos lined wooden cigar that may be filled with tobacco and smoked by those who like to be regarded as smokers of cigars exclusively.

To save the expense of a long and costly approach the city end of a bridge that will span Havana harbor will terminate in a spiral driveway and footway making four turns.

It is estimated that there are in use in the United States about 100,000 elaborate electric protective systems against crime, about 300,000 smaller systems and some 2,000,000 minor devices.

Moving pictures showing attempted murders, attacks on religious bodies, highway robberies and, in fact, any presentation wherein there is vice or violence in any form cannot be shown in Quebec.

Willesden, England, laundry proprietor, finding that he gets the best work out of his employees when they are happy and contented, has decided to give them free tickets to the theater once a week.

The stream which has been supplying the ancient city of Damascus with water for nearly forty centuries has been harnessed and will provide electricity to light the city and operate 100 miles of railway.

China has been hit hard by the increased cost of living. The price of rice has jumped 50 per cent since 1911, due partly to the famine and more to the destruction of crops during the fighting on the Yangtze.

German cities having a population of 100,000 or more boast of their fine taxicab service. Six and seven seat cars may be hired in Hanover with driver at the rate of 35 pfennigs per kilometer, equal to 13¢ cents a mile. On this account the need of privately owned automobiles is not yet extensively felt in Germany.

There appears to be a certain demand in Germany for both peanut shells and the red skin which envelopes peanut kernels for stock feeding. In commerce both ground shells and skins are denominated peanut bran, obviously a misnomer. The shells contain 57.8 per cent of cellulose and have scarcely any nutritive value.

David B. McBean, builder of the famous subway tunnels now in use under the Harlem river, has brought suit against the city of New York for \$1,000,000, declaring that he has been damaged to that extent by the infringements of his patents in construction of the new Lexington avenue subway tunnels under the Harlem.

GEORGE USURPER, THIS QUEEN SAYS

Claim That Maria Teresa's Title to Throne Is Better.

MANY CLING TO BELIEFS.

Still Maria Is Happy With Her Bavarian Throne and Title—Her Eldest Son Is Now Forty-four Years Old. No Other Royal Family Is Richer Than This In Romantic Legends.

LONDON.—Occasionally a letter passing through the British mail bears another stamp along with the usual one. The customary one, which has on it the picture of King George V., is placed upside down, and the other occupies the normal position. The stamp of King George is the one which assures the letter's delivery, but the other to the knowing clerk is an unmistakable sign that the sender belongs



MARIA THERESA, QUEEN OF BAVARIA.

to those who denounce the present reigning family as illegal and maintain that the throne belongs to a certain old woman who now shares another throne with her husband, for this extra stamp bears the picture of Maria Theresa, now queen of Bavaria.

The recent change of rulers in the little kingdom of Bavaria, when the diet removed the insane King Otto from the throne and called as his successor Prince Ludwig, formerly the regent, brings to mind once more that contention against the legitimacy of the enthroned British dynasty. It announces that there are still Jacobites who persist that the rightful ruler is this wife of the Bavarian king, who is also a direct heir to the regal state of Charles I. of England.

But if these legitimists do now and then assemble to drink toasts to Queen Mary IV. and do use their own postage stamps, thus proclaiming themselves traitors, nobody in England worries and nobody outside the empire knows such a party exists except as a memory arises from history book days or when, as now, attention is attracted to one involved in this contention. Year by year those who give allegiance to Maria Theresa as the rightful queen of England become fewer. Long ago the Jacobites ceased to trouble the minds of those who wear the crown. To all but themselves the whole matter has become little more than a romantic idea.

Now that Maria Theresa wears one crown it cannot but mean a shadow to the enthusiasm of those who decorate the statue of Charles I. on the anniversary of his execution. It makes still more remote any chance that this descendant of the beheaded monarch or any others who may come after her will ever wear the British crown. She and her husband are firmly fixed on the throne of Bavaria. Their oldest son, Prince Rupert, is now forty-four years old and popular among the people. He, too, has a son, a bright, handsome little fellow, twelve years old. Thus the line reaches unbroken generations into the future.

But yet the Jacobites have hopes. Eagerly they watch the marriages and births in this Stuart line, hailing each new arrival as king or queen or heir to the throne, and eagerly, too, they watch the Hanoverian line, hoping that some breach may appear and they be given a chance to gather their strength and force their own "ruler" into his or her "rightful" place.

Among us there are few who pay any attention to the study of lineage, but ancestry is too important a thing with kings and queens to be passed over lightly. So it is that the legitimists are able to trace the blood of their Queen Mary back through all the intricacies which come at last to Charles I. And, too, it is equally important to them in an opposite way that they can trace the descent of George V. through the Hanoverian line to Elizabeth, a sister of Charles I. and daughter of James I., which makes the descent of this line one degree more remote than that of the Stuarts.

Among all the royal families none is richer than this one of the Bavarian queen in its romance, legends and bewildering claims.

Bowels are Basis of Child Health

The careful mother, who watches closely the physical peculiarities of her children, will soon discover that the most important thing in connection with child's constant good health is to keep the bowels regularly open. Sluggish bowels will be followed by loss of appetite, restlessness during sleep, irritability and a dozen and one similar evidences of physical disorder.

At the first sign of such disorder give the child a teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint at night, retiring and repeat the dose the following night if necessary—more than that will surely be needed. You will find that the child will recover its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

This remedy is a vast improvement over salis, cathartics, laxative waters and similar things, which are altogether

too powerful for a child. The homes of Mrs. Carrie McDonald, 1026 Trigg Ave., Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. Sallie E. Griffith, Veedale, Ky., are always supplied with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint and with them, as with thousands of others, there is no substitute for this grand laxative. It is really more than a laxative, for it contains superior tonic properties which help to tone and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels so that after a brief use of it all laxatives can be dispensed with and nature will do its own work.

Any one wishing to make a trial of this remedy, a bottle containing fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) will receive its accustomed good spirits at once and will eat and sleep normally.

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COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst."

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fatten up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-65

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Stomach, liver and kidney troubles, weak nerves, lame back and female ills disappear when Electric Bitters are used. Thousands of women would not be without a bottle in their home. Eliza Pool, of Dewey, Okla., writes: "Electric Bitters raised me from a bed of sickness and suffering and has done me a world of good. I wish every suffering woman could use this excellent remedy and find out, as I did, just how good it is." As it has helped thousands of others, it surely will do the same for you. Every bottle guaranteed, 50c and \$1. At all druggists and at Pauli Drug Co., H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

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J. C. YATES

A LETTER THAT WENT ASTRAY

Secret Service Man In Game of Life and Death.

"Here; make haste or you will be too late. Take this and go to the saloon referred to. Read as you go. There's your car now."

The chief thrust a letter into my hand, and I ran out of the office just in time to step on a car going downtown. I knew the letter referred to the coming of the prince, for we had no time to attend to other business than his protection. In the car I read:

G.'s saloon, 11 a. m. Beer. Glass over. PENOCHE.

At precisely 10:50 I strolled into G.'s saloon. Sitting at one of the tables, I called for beer and cast my eyes about the room. There was but one person seated, and the moment I saw him I knew him to be my man. Fortunately for me, he had come early. I must get him away before the man he was to meet entered. That man did not know him, but did he know that man? We shall see. I sat for a few minutes watching him and saw that he was nervous. Then, fixing my eyes upon him, I emptied my beer glass and turned it upside down on the table. He started. I got up and, going over to him, said in a low tone, "Follow me." He did so, and as we left the saloon a man with a red beard entered and cast on us both a piercing eye, which he did not turn away till we were out of his sight.

"A narrow escape," I muttered. "That's the man who was to meet Penochie."

"Why did you not wait for me to give the signal instead of giving it yourself?" asked my man.

"Had no time to waste. Have you arranged everything?"

"I have the bomb."

It would be impossible for me to keep up a conversation with him, even for a few minutes, without betraying myself. My only hope was before doing so to gain sufficient information to locate the conspiracy.

"Where is it?" I asked, referring to the bomb.

"Between the mattresses of my bed."

I wanted to ask where his bed was, but did not dare do so.

"He is expected in the morning," I said instead. "When is it to be done?"

"While he is being driven to his hotel. That is the order."

"Where will you stand?"

"I?" He looked at me, surprised.

"You mean where will you stand."

"I will attend to that. You must hand me the bomb. However, these details must be arranged later. At present I can only make an appointment for this evening. Meet me tonight at—let me see. Go to No. — street, rear hall room, third floor, 10 o'clock."

"But—"

"It won't do for us to be seen talking together on the street. Goodby."

We were watched, though I did not know it, and by one whom I rather than my anarchist had cause to fear.

I went to the office and reported the program to the chief. We arranged that a number of men should appear at the point of rendezvous at 10:05 o'clock and arrest Penochie. I purposely made the hour five minutes after that of the meeting, hoping to gain some information before taking my man in. A few minutes before 10 o'clock I went to the rendezvous, a room that I kept for such purposes in the worst part of the city, and, going upstairs, opened the door.

I started back. There sat the man with the red beard who had eyed us when we left the saloon.

"Where—is?" I stopped.

"Penochie! Penochie is a very hazardous game. Just now I happen to hold six aces."

"Six? Ordinary packs hold but four. Perhaps you count the joker."

"You show your ignorance of the game," he replied knowingly.

"The game is one of life and death. I know that."

"What card do we play?"

"The knave, who arrives tomorrow."

"Very good. By whose order?"

"The circle."

"Good again. And who is Penochie?"

The man would soon trap me.

"Penochie." I repeated to gain time. Then, remembering that my companion of the morning had said, "You not I," I replied evasively: "That seems to be the question: Is it you or I?"

"Who is Penochie?" he repeated sharply, moving his hand, which now for the first time I noticed was concealed under his coat.

"Don't bully me," I said as unconcernedly as it was possible. "I am not the one designated by the circle to be 'done.' It has assigned me special work, and if you kill me you will break the chain."

"What work?"

At that moment the door opened, and my companion of the morning entered excitedly.

"A letter has gone astray," he said to the man with the red beard. "This man must have used it."

Like a flash my interrogator raised the concealed hand, which held a revolver, and covered me.

"I play my six aces. Every one of the chambers carries a bullet."

"You're too late. The game's up."

My words were based on hearing steps on the stairs. The door was opened suddenly, and half a dozen revolvers pointed into the room.

The prince arrived the next day, but was not molested.

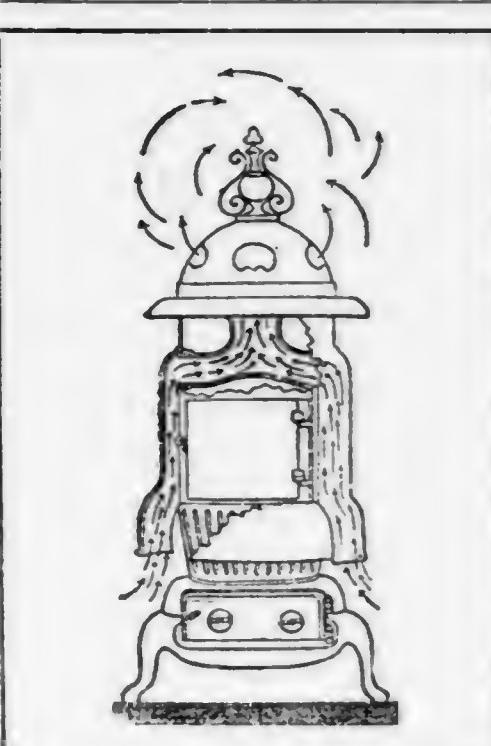
IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Jake Daubert's Great Batting Record.



HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

A Heating Stove That Uses Hot Air Pipes.



The heating stove shown in the illustration in a manner combines the advantages both of the ordinary stove, due to radiation, and of the furnace, due to the circulation of heated air. Air is drawn from the room into pipes on both sides of the stove, is heated to a high temperature and is then discharged from the top of the stove either into the room in which the stove is located or into pipes leading to the upper floor.

Cleaning White Silks.

To wash white taffeta and other white silks proceed as follows: Having made strong suds by boiling white soap in soft water, allow it to cool to blood heat, or 100 degrees, and wash the silk in it by swishing it about and lightly pressing out the water with the hands. Then dip the goods in another suds of the same kind, press the water out once more and hang in an airy, sunless place until almost dry, pulling out all wrinkles from time to time. Roll the silk carefully over a board and let it lie wrapped in a towel until there is only a trace of moisture left. Then smooth it under a fine white cloth with a moderately warm iron. If a clear tone of white be desired add bluing to the water; if an ivory shade be preferred use the clear suds.

Pan Dowdy.

For this peel, quarter and core ten large or twelve medium sized sour apples. Put these in a clean granite kettle with half a cupful of water, one cupful dark brown sugar and half a teaspoonful of allspice or cinnamon. Make a very soft dough of one pint of flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together and moistened with cream. Pat the dough into a flat cake and lay over the apples. Put on a tight cover and cook on the top of stove. The steam from the apples cooks the dough and gives it a delicious flavor. Turn the kettle upside down on a large platter so apples will come on top and serve hot with cream.

Household Notes.

Polish windows with paper instead of cloth to avoid blot and streaks.

To obliterate a scratch on polished furniture rub vigorously with linseed oil.

A piece of gum camphor placed in the box where silver is kept will prevent it becoming tarnished.

To remove rusty scale soak it with vinegar and water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to a pint of water. Rinse and iron while damp between flannels.

Stuffed Orions.

Choose six medium sized onions as much of a size as possible, peel and remove the centers with a cutter. Blanch them in boiling water, drain and stuff them with the following mixture: Take a slice of bread, cut off the crust and dip the crumb in milk, squeeze out the milk and mix the bread with one ounce of grated Parmesan cheese and the yolk of two hard boiled eggs. Add some finely minced parsley, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper to taste and bind all with the yolk of one raw egg. Dip the onions in flour and fry. Lift out, drain well and serve with a piquante sauce poured over.

Mince Pie.

Three teacupfuls of chopped meat, five teacupfuls of half and half sweet and sour apples chopped, a teacupful and a half of molasses, two teacupfuls of sugar, glass of any sour jelly, a teacupful each of salt and ground cloves, scant half teaspoonful of pepper. Moisten with the liquor in which the meat was boiled. Before laying the top crust sprinkle over bits of butter, dust freely with cinnamon, grate on a little nutmeg and dot with bits of butter.

Pumpkin Pie.

Mix three tablespoonsfuls of steamed pumpkin, two-thirds pint of milk, a teaspoonful of flour beaten with an egg, two-thirds teacupfuls of sugar, a little salt and scant half teaspoonful of ginger. Fill crust, dust freely with cinnamon, grate on a little nutmeg and dot with bits of butter.

A Gambler Prince

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

This is a true story.
"Francois Blanc," said the judge, "what have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"Nothing."

"I regret that the inadequacy of the law compels me to let you off with a nominal punishment. You corrupted the young men in the telegraph office to publish false news from the Stock Exchange in Paris to enable you to make money by buying or selling shares, an offense which should give you not less than ten years in prison. I sentence you to serve seven months in jail, being the longest term I can give you for your crime."

Francois Blanc bowed his head and was marched away. When his term of service had passed he came out of jail with \$20,000 to his credit in bank. Right under the nose of the judge who had convicted him he established a casino in Homburg, which was really a gambling house. He made money, but a prejudice against gambling was growing in Germany, and he feared the time would come when laws would be passed that would ruin his business.

M. Blanc looked up rather than down. He aspired to run his gambling business in a country where he could so influence the laws that none would be made to interfere with his method of enriching himself. So he looked about him. In Europe there are a number of small kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, that have been independent so long that none of the great powers have the hardihood to absorb them. Blanc found a little principality containing a few square miles only that seemed ripe for what he intended. What the powers dare not absorb by the bayonet he resolved to absorb by undermining with gold.

The ruler of this principality had descended from one of the oldest royal families in Europe, but he had nothing but his pedigree. He held a court, it is true, but his courtiers were those who served without salaries and were able occasionally to lend the sovereign money. In order to recoup he sold a concession in his principality to two men, who bought it with the intention of opening a gambling house on the territory conceded. They built a casino and began operations, but the prince wanted all their profits, and they became discouraged.

Francois Blanc, learning of this concession and the condition of its owners, bought it from them and, closing out his casino at Homburg, built a costly one on the new site, laid out splendid gardens—in short, expended several millions with a view to making his place attractive. Fortunately for him the time was ripe for such an investment. For many years Baden-Baden, in Germany, had been the fashionable gambling center of Europe, where every one, from royalty to commoner, gave way to the passion of gaming. Baden-Baden was now no longer such a resort, and Blanc aimed to make his concession what Baden-Baden had been.

In this he succeeded. The gambling mania of Europe was all made to pour gold into Francois Blanc's pocket. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, came and made it fashionable, to be followed by every one who had a franc to spend and a franc to risk. The sovereign had all the money he wanted to spend, and his court, if not numerous, were at least well dressed and were not called upon to lend the prince money. But while he held the empty title of ruler of the principality Francois Blanc was the real governor.

The prince died and left his inheritance to his son. The new sovereign proved himself really nothing more than a silent junior partner in a gambling establishment, and there was nothing for him to do but reign as he was so he renewed the concession for a term of fifty years for \$5,000,000, a sum that Francois Blanc could well afford to pay since he made it in a single year. He could afford to do more than this. He furnished all the money necessary to run the government, including official salaries.

One storm arose on the gambler sovereign's path, but he weathered it. The prince's neighbors, not relishing a gambling principality so near them, endeavored to induce one of the powers on which it bordered to take steps to prohibit it. In addition, the prince's subjects became dissatisfied at paying taxes to a prince who had such an enormous revenue. At Blanc's request the sovereign abolished all taxes, and Blanc paid them.

This was the last bite in the loaf the gambler devoured. The prince, the principality and lastly the subjects passed into his capacious maw, for when a citizen sells his citizenship the owner becomes its owner.

Francois Blanc accumulated a fortune equal to some of the largest in America, and, if he was only a prince in financial way, he married his daughters to princes.

The principality that forms the subject of this narrative lies on the north shore of the Mediterranean and is called Monaco. It is divided into three parts, one of which is Monte Carlo. It is on this portion that all Europe persons from all parts of the world assemble to "buck the tiger."

If the present Prince of Monaco derives an income from a concession to a gambler he is personally far above the gambling business. He is a scientist and has made some valuable contributions to scientific lore.

A Doctor's Story

By H. SANBORN BROWN

When I began to practice medicine I was inclined to give my patients a diagnosis of their cases, but when I had been detected in a number of errors I found what reputation I had gained as "one of those frank, outspoken doctors, with no pretense about him," gone. That I had diagnosed whooping cough as a bad cold and measles as eczema, with a number of other blunders, got abroad, my practice dropped away, and I was obliged to pull up stakes and begin over again in another locality.

In my new field I looked wise and said nothing, or if I did say anything it was that the case had not sufficiently developed to admit of diagnosis. This would have done very well had I stuck to it stoically. Unfortunately, patients or those interested in them need at times to be buoyed. This fact got me into trouble again. Called in to see a little child who showed plainly the symptoms of diphtheria, when I looked into the mother's eager, questioning eyes I had not the heart to tell her of her darling's danger, so I told her it was a case of sore throat.

All went well with the child, and the diphtheritic membrane in the throat was breaking down when the child's grandmother came to the house. The old woman had seen a case of diphtheria and on looking into the throat saw that which she recognized.

"Heavens," she exclaimed to the mother—"the child has diphtheria!"

The mother fainted. The grandmother ran to the telephone and, ignoring me, called on one of my fellow practitioners to come in hot haste. He at once pronounced the case one of diphtheria, but, learning that I was treating it, returned to his office and called me up by telephone. I explained the matter; but, realizing that I had lost the confidence of the family in question, I begged him to take up the case where I had left off and finish it. He did so, and the child, who was already nearly well, recovered.

That young mother soon knocked my practice into smithereens by telling every one of her acquaintances that I didn't know a case of diphtheria from one of sore throat.

Considering that my crime had really been nothing more than a tenderness of heart, this was hard to bear. Women are apt to accept statements without question, and I was tabooed without an opportunity for defense. The husband of the lady in question asked me about the matter and when I explained it tried to pacify his wife. But no such excuse would be accepted by her. "Any doctor not fit to treat a cat could get off with such an excuse as that," she said.

This time I made up my mind to stand my ground. If I fled from the tongues of the laity I would not be worthy of a place in the profession. After all, whatever success a physician attains, his real intrinsic standing is fixed by his fellow workers. They may not agree with him, but they will not deny his ability. For a long while I was dropped out of practice almost entirely. But gradually other doctors got into the habit of calling me in for consultation and recommending patients to me in cases coming within my especial province, and at the end of about five years I found myself again making a living. In ten years I stood at the head of my profession in the city in which I practiced.

But by this time my work as a general practitioner had given way to surgery. There were but few recognized surgeons in the place, and this was of great advantage to me.

One would suppose that a woman who had been indignant at my calling a case of diphtheria one of sore throat and in consequence had ruined my practice for several years would never again have any use for my services. But the child upon whom I was supposed to have made such a blunder, when twelve or thirteen years of age, contracted a bad case of appendicitis. An operation was considered necessary by the family physician. He was not a surgeon and would not operate himself. When the mother asked him to nominate a surgeon for the case he recommended me.

Meanwhile the tongues she had set wagging to my discredit had gradually got to swinging in my favor. The estimate of my coworkers in the profession, together with the testimony of patients I had helped, had reached the lady's ears, and, although she still believed that at the time I treated her child I didn't know a case of diphtheria from sore throat, affected by the praise of me she heard, she greatly desired that I should perform an operation involving life or death upon her son.

A physician as such should have no accounts to settle with those who have injured him. I undertook the service required of me with no more feeling than if I had never known her or her child. But her former error forced her on the second occasion to hear the truth. When the operation had been performed—and while performing it I forgot whose case it was—and the mother asked me if her boy would live I replied:

"Do you wish me to speak plainly?" "Yes," she faltered. "Tell me the worst. What chance is there for him to recover?"

"To the best of my belief, one in ten." But the boy recovered.

The Power of Mind Over Matter

By MARGARET C. DEVEAUX

At eighteen I was a delicate girl in the doctor's care for some nervous affection the nature of which seemed to puzzle him. During this time I visited a friend of mine who lived in a city. On my arrival I was shown to my room, the two rear windows of which looked down into a back yard, but there was a side window which looked directly into another side window of the next house, the interval between being but a few yards. My friend threw open all these windows and left me to make my toilet.

As soon as she had gone I went first to the rear windows and looked out, then to the side window. There, staring, looking at me, was my counterpart—indeed, myself. I started, and she started. Then, covering my face with my hands, I turned away and buried my head in the pillows on the bed.

How long I remained there I cannot tell. It was probably but a few minutes, but it seemed a long while. I was sure that my nervous affliction had produced the apparition. I had seen myself once before in a dream, from which I awoke with a violent heart-beat, but I had not considered that a matter of moment. But now I had appeared to myself in broad daylight. I had before me the frightful prospect of passing into insanity.

Not for the world would I have my hosts learn of my infirmity. Some persons must tell of all their aches and pains and forebodings if only for sympathy; I concealed mine. As soon as I had pulled myself together I arose and without looking at the window where I had seen myself went downstairs without having changed my dress. I told my friend that I was a poor sleeper and hoped that in the morning I would not be awakened by too much light pouring into my room. She said at once that she must put me into another chamber, since the one I occupied faced the rising sun. This was exactly what I wanted, and I slept that night in an apartment facing the west.

I intended to make an excuse to go the next day; but, seeing no further signs of myself, I was persuaded to remain. My friends, who knew that I was in poor health, were extremely kind to me, and nowhere else could I find rest and comfort as I could with them. As I grew stronger a desire came to me to look out of the window where I had seen myself double and perhaps I would see her again. But so great was my dread that I dared not go into the room to make the trial. I made several attempts to conquer my fears, but they were failures.

My hosts had lived many years in the locality and knew several of their neighbors, all of whom owned their own houses. I was invited to different social gatherings among them and shortly before I left the place was asked to dine next door, in the very house where I had seen myself standing at the window. I scarcely dared accept the invitation, and yet how could I refuse, for those who had invited me were very dear friends of my hosts? I tried to think of some excuse that would not be considered such, but tried in vain. When informed of the invitation I pretended not to hear, and it was accepted for me, with other guests of my hosts, since we were all invited together.

As the time drew near I thought I should make pretense of feeling unable to go, but within me was a secret desire to see if the apparition would come to me there. Between this dread and desire I hesitated till it was time to dress for the evening, then went up to my room in such a state of indecision that when it was announced that it was time to be off I was but half dressed. Mechanically I completed my toilet and, going downstairs, suffered myself to be led out passively.

The room into which we ladies were shown to leave our wraps was on the opposite side of the house from that which stood beside the home of my hosts. This was a relief to me. There was no reason for me to dread the spot where I had seen myself; but, then, a nervous person is not amenable to reason, and I was in a condition of nervous weakness not far from a general breakdown.

With the exception of myself, there was a very homogeneous party, and even I after a glass or two of wine was sufficiently braced to enjoy myself. The dinner passed off so pleasantly and I felt so stimulated by the wine I drank that I began to have a desire to visit that part of the house in which I had seen my counterpart.

When we went upstairs for our wraps I ran up ahead of the others and followed the hall in the direction of the place of the apparition. After turning at an angle I came to a door which I opened and walked into a bedroom. Facing a window which I knew looked out upon the side of the house of my hosts was a pier glass.

Never in my life have I experienced such relief as when the fact occurred to me that I had mistaken my reflection in this glass for myself. No wonder my image started when I started. Closing the door, I darted around the hall, reaching the robins room just as the others came up the stairs.

I replied: "Do you wish me to speak plainly?" "Yes," she faltered. "Tell me the worst. What chance is there for him to recover?"

"To the best of my belief, one in ten." But the boy recovered.

This episode showed me the power of the mind over the body. I realized that much of my infirmity I had produced on myself and made a resolution to give up doctors and medicine and brooding alike. This I did and gradually became strong again.

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Board per month	\$10.00	Incidental Fee	\$ 1.50
Tuition, Intermediate, per mo.	3.00	Training School per mo.	4.00
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On the above date I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, a Big assortment of Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies Long Coats and a lot of all kinds of Notions. Attend this Sale and get some Bargains.

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

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Photos by American Press Association.

BEDIENT AND HERZOG.

He took out a long printed list, ran his finger down it, and said, "Is your name Francis W. Cushman?"

"I said, 'If you please, sir, I am a member.'

"'You are a what?'

"'Why,' I said, 'I am a member of congress. My name is Cushman, from the state of Washington.'

"He took out a long printed list, ran his finger down it, and said, "Is your name Francis W. Cushman?"

"I said, "That is I."

"The fellow bowed clear below his garters and said, "Pass right in, Mr. Cushman."

"As I went through the swinging door he turned to the other guard and said: "Jumpin' Jimmey, Bill! Did you see that? I'll never have the nerve to stop anything else that shows up!"

Ollie M. James in Washington Star.

Be a Good Example.

Let us never make the mistake of thinking that our influence counts for nothing, but from this hour determine that we will live our best every minute.

Nut Bread.

One-half cupful of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-quarter cupfuls of milk, four cupfuls of sifted flour, four level teaspoonsful baking powder, one cupful of chopped nuts. Beat egg, add sugar, then flour which has been sifted, with salt and baking powder alternately with milk, then nuts. Allow to stand in warm place twenty minutes and bake in moderate oven forty minutes.

Cheese Crisp.

Dissolve a piece of butter the size of a walnut in a chafing dish with three cupfuls of rich cheese dry enough to be grated. When melted add a pinch of salt and two tablespoonsfuls of tomato ketchup. Serve on toasted thin crackers on warm plates piled high with very hot and crisp potato chips.

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THIS HOTEL IS OPEN TO THE traveling public. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Cozy rooms and close attention paid to guests. Fare very reasonable.

Good feed barn attached.

Notice.

All persons owing us notes and accounts please call and settle same at once.

7-26

Walker Bros.

How to Bankrupt the Doctors

A prominent New York physician says, "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by the women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds, and eas won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effectual and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Paul Drug Co.

When making baked custard warm the milk before adding the eggs and there will be less danger of the custard turning watery. Bake in a pan set in boiling water. Stimulate the hens to eat more by feeding a variety of foods.